



10-1-1983

Request

Clinton F. Larson

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Recommended Citation

Larson, Clinton F. (1983) "Request," *BYU Studies Quarterly*. Vol. 23 : Iss. 4 , Article 14.
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/byusq/vol23/iss4/14>

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Request

He came into the room, the slant high shard
Of the silver spiral spending down the glass
That spins and spins from the aether and mass
Of galactic space the time of the slow canard
And sleight of satan, and he said, quietly, "I guard
The field beyond Orion, where my light is a tassel,
Tossing vision and dusting the dark. The castle
Of my sunning reign is made of mirroring, hard
Before the warmth of winnowing. See the folding
Lands, the wavering tungsten steel, the aural
Sheets, the rills of filament. I touch the molding
Smokestain rose and hear the wind of the coral
Sea against it. This is the quest I face.
Will you help me here, to make this faery lace
Of elements a paradise?"

—Clinton F. Larson